

# The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 48.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., MAY 27, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## GEORGE N. KIDDER & Co.

It will soon be Ice Cream weather. We have a fine line of Freezers at remarkably low prices.

Our window display of new goods is worth a special trip just to look at it.

## GEORGE N. KIDDER & CO.

### S. E. Whitmore

#### Anniversary

Help me celebrate my **SECOND ANNIVERSARY** by accepting with my compliments a fine, Double Geranium with every dollar's worth of goods purchased except sugar.

### S. E. Whitmore

#### FOR SALE

## HAMMOCKS

In a variety of **STYLES** and **COLORS** at prices ranging from

**\$1.50 to \$3.50**

You will need a Hammock before long. Better buy it now.

### ROBBINS & EVANS

EAST NORTHFIELD : : : MASS.



These are all Solid Leather and run up to Size 7.

### Charles C. Stearns

WEBSTER BLOCK.

### A. W. PROCTOR

We are showing an elegant line of men's **"ELITE"**

Oxfords and two Eyelet Ties in Black Tan and London Smoke at **\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.50**

#### LADIES' OXFORDS SANDALS AND PUMPS

in a large variety of colors and the latest styles;

#### THE VANNESSA

is our leader and is hard to beat.

#### BOYS' MISSES AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AND OXFORDS

at popular prices.

#### Have just received a very strong line of STRAW HATS

ranging in price from the farm hat at 10 cents to a panama at

**\$4.50 and \$5.50**



#### CHILDREN'S "ALL in 1" ROMPERS and PLAY SUITS

**\$1.50 \$1.00 \$1.50**

#### COMPLETE BASE BALL SUITS AT \$1.00

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#### "Northfield" Souvenirs

Indian and Birch Bark Frames.  
Post Card and Photo Albums.  
Pine Cone Stamp and Stud Boxes.  
Leather Pocket Books and Purses.  
Combination Pen and Pencils.  
Balsam Pillow Covers.

#### Reasonable Prices.

Press : : Proctor Block.



#### PROGRAM.

Memorial Day Services in Town Hall  
Monday May 30, at 2.30, P. M.

Music  
Chorus Star Spangled Banner  
SCHOOL CHILDREN

Prayer  
REV. ARTHUR E. WILSON

Recitations and Singing  
SCHOOL CHILDREN

Recitation Lincoln's Address at  
Gettysburg  
ALFRED HOLTON

Address John D. Billings of Cambridge

PAST DEPT. COMMANDER G. A. R.  
Singing America  
SCHOOL CHILDREN AND AUDIENCE

Benediction  
REV. N. FAY SMITH

#### NORTHFIELD

Remember the open Grange meeting tonight. Town Hall.

Let everybody mow and tidy up their lawns for Memorial Day.

Miss Eliza Homan of Saugus, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. H. Otis.

Hollis Moody has moved into one of the cottages on Elm Avenue.

Memorial Day post cards and flags at the PRESS store. A dozen varieties.

June magazines now on sale at the PRESS office.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ball have returned from New Haven.

A good surry for \$30. A better one for \$40. Inquire at the PRESS office.

Ten members of Harmony Lodge attended a meeting of the Winchester, N. H. Lodge, last Monday evening.

Victor Boyden of Brattleboro is acting agent at the Northfield depot while Mr. Ellison is absent on vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. Arthur E. Wilson are in Boston attending May meetings of the Unitarian Association.

Miss Ella C. Wood of Philadelphia is in town getting the Wood house, on the hillside, ready for renting.

Melvin E. Trotter of Grand Rapids, Mich., was in town last Tuesday morning and visited friends.

Mrs. H. E. Wells of Foxboro, a former resident of Northfield, has been visiting friends here.

George L. Spafford of New London made a brief visit with his aunt, Mrs. Nellie F. Alexander, Monday.

At the regular meeting of the O. E. S. Wednesday evening two new members were initiated.

The Schells are expected here in a few days. Miss Farrell, housekeeper, has gone to Boston to engage help for the season.

Lewis W. Turner has sold his farm to H. N. Yennington of Clinton, Ct., who takes possession June 1. Mr. Turner will move to Springfield.

C. H. Webster and family and Miss Lucy M. Webster took an auto trip to Springfield on Saturday, for a brief visit with relatives.

C. J. Phillips of Springfield has been making his semi-annual tour through this district. He is an experience and reliable piano tuner and has many patrons here.

Malcolm Chase of Providence, R. I., with a party of 18, stopped for two days at "The Northfield" hotel. Mr. Chase was interested in the construction of the Vernon dam.

Mrs. Chas. Osgood of San Francisco, who, with her husband was recently visiting the Misses Osgood here, is very ill with typhoid fever in a private hospital in New York City. Mr. Osgood is with her.

The High School boys performed a graceful act in postponing the base ball game which was scheduled for the afternoon of Memorial Day until after the services at the Town Hall were over.

#### KILLED BY THE TRAIN.

#### Distressing Accident at South Vernon Last Monday.

Last Monday evening, at South Vernon, John Reil, a laborer from North Walpole, N. H., was struck and instantly killed by train No. 40 from Bellows Falls. As far as known there were no witnesses to the accident, and just how it occurred is not known. Dr. Mitchell, the medical examiner was summoned and after viewing the body it was given in charge of Undertaker G. N. Kidder, by a brother from North Walpole and sent there on Tuesday for burial. The deceased was 38 years old and leaves a widow and one child.

#### Local, Personal and General.

Stories and articles particularly appropriate for Memorial Day on page 3.

Miss Marian George has gone to Boston to see her mother.

The Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. C. E. Williams over Sunday.

Miss Adelaide Marsh of Montclair, N. J., is the guest of her nephew, Rev. Elliott W. Brown.

Services will be held next Sunday at 3 p. m. in the First Baptist Church in Hinsdale. Dr. Mabie and others will speak.

Mrs. Geo. Stevens is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Henry McGahey, and her sister, Mrs. Charles E. Goodrow of Cambridge, Mass.

Between thirty and forty drove over from Northfield to Warwick last Tuesday night, including the members of the High School Dramatic Company.

An agent from Boston of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been in town this week investigating some complaints.

Mrs. Whitmore has now on sale a new and varied line of Neckwear, Kimonos and Dressing Sacques. Call and inspect them.

S. E. Whitmore is celebrating his second business anniversary by giving away a fine lot of double geraniums to his customers.

An unique feature of the Memorial Day service at the Congregation Church next Sunday morning will be a salute to the flag by the congregation.

An interesting game of base ball between the High School and a picked nine was played yesterday afternoon, drawing the largest attendance of the season. The score was 10 to 0 in favor of the students.

Dr. Stone of Amherst Agricultural College was in town on Monday in consultation regarding Trees with Tree Warden Doane and John Phelps, representing the Village Improvement Society.

The Northfield High School Dramatic Company presented "Facilité" and "Her Busy Day" before a cultured and appreciative audience at Warwick, last Tuesday evening.

NORTHFIELD PRESS has just put on sale a varied assortment of "Northfield" souvenirs in leather and birch bark, comprising post card frames and albums, kodak albums, pocket books and purses etc. Suitable for birthday and other gifts.

At the Grange meeting on Tuesday evening the question was discussed: "Which farmer is the most successful, the one who gets up early or the one who is awake after he gets up?" by Henry Holton, George Holton, W. A. Priest, and James S. Browning.

The ranking of the senior class at the High School has been announced as follows: Ethel Leavis, Ethel Jackson, Marion Grout, Ruth Moore, Harold Randall, Norman Long. There was only a fraction of a per cent between the first two. Miss Jackson has been selected for the valedictory and Miss Leavis for the salutatory addresses.

#### Notice.

Will unload large car of shingles next week. Place your order now and take advantage of the low prices at the car. Three grades. H. A. Reed.

#### COMMUNICATION.

NORTHFIELD, May 26, '10

Dear Mr. Editor:

You are interested as we all are, in the Village Improvement Society. Now, how would it do to give a little hint occasionally as to what some outside the society think?

Our street is too beautiful to be made look cheap by insignificant little flower beds stuck here and there, and the one that has been set out south of the Belcher fountain is a perfect eye-sore and should be taken away and the grass brought out to the north side of that little circle, straight south, to join that by Town Hall. Some one, some dark night will drive through that circle and a dead horse be the result, if not a dead human, and then the town will be in for damages for permitting such an obstruction on the highway. PETER.

#### Prize Speaking Contest

The prize speaking contest in Stone Hall last Monday evening in charge of the Seminary Y. W. C. A. was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The speakers without exception did excellently. Miss Margaret E. Neilson who was awarded the first prize of \$10 captured the audience by her rendition of "Old Soapy." The committee had considerable difficulty in deciding the winner of the second prize, but the approval of every one was manifested by the applause that followed the naming of Miss Edna May Besselievre, whose selection was very difficult for a young lady, and yet she handled it so well that she won second prize.

#### Dr. A. T. Pierson.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson gave last Sunday in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, his half century reminiscences. He was born in that city in 1837, the natal year of his friends, D. L. Moody and John Wanamaker, and in the house under whose archway the throngs went to the old Chatham Street Chapel in the days of Finney. His father was cashier to Arthur Tappan, No. 122 Pearl street, from whom he got his name. His successive pastorates have been in Birmingham and Waterford, N. Y., Detroit, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London. Since 1893 he has been a preacher, teacher, lecturer, editor, author, etc. He gave a sort of glimpse of the changes of half a century in pulpit and church life. Dr. Pierson entered upon the ministry on May 30, 1860.

He is also celebrating the anniversary by a new book to be called "Knowing the Scriptures," giving rules and methods he has found useful during 50 years of Bible study.

#### Boys' Brigade.

It is expected that Mr. Edwin D. Horsfield will visit the Boys' Brigade this evening. Mr. Horsfield has been a scout master of a Scotch regiment and is now a member of the British scouts. He is in town to make summer plans for the Brigade. If the weather proves favorable today he will take the company for a day's outing.

#### New Book by Paul D. Moody.

The publication of "The First Easter Sermon," an address by Paul Dwight Moody, will be welcomed not only by those who have heard the address delivered and urged Mr. Moody to have it put in print, but also by all who are interested in this timely topic.

Mr. Moody finds his theme in the words of Mary Magdalene: "I have seen the Lord," that first Easter morning. After tracing the story he draws several lessons, and makes applications for believers today. A striking poem by Richard LeGallienne is quoted with the author's consent.

The book is published by Northfield Press, and has a dainty white leather cover with emblematic lily design in gold stamping. The large clean print and wide margins make it attractive and readable. The price is 30 cents.

Additional locals on page 8.

Subscribe for THE PRESS



# Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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& Co.

Coquenil was neither surprised nor disappointed at the meager results of Alice's visit to the prison. It had not been entirely vain since he had learned that Kittredge might have used his left hand in firing a pistol and that he did not suffer with gout or rheumatism. This last point was of extreme importance.

And the detective was speedily put in excellent humor by news awaiting him at the Palais de Justice Monday morning that the man sent to London to trace the burned photograph and the five pound notes had already met with success and had telegraphed that the notes in question had been issued to Addison Wilmott, whose bankers were Munroe & Co., Rue Scribe.

Quick inquiries revealed the fact that Addison Wilmott was a well known New Yorker living in Paris, a man of leisure. He and his dashing wife lived in a private hotel on the Avenue Kleber, where they led a gay existence in the smartest and most spectacular circle of the American colony.

He was dull, good natured and a little fat. She was a beautiful woman, with extraordinary charm and a lithe, girlish figure. He was supposed to kick up his heels in a quiet way, while she did the things brilliantly and kept the wheels of American colony gossip—busy enough, anyway—turning and spinning until they groaned in utter weariness.

Such was the information M. Paul had been able to gather from swift and special police sources when he presented himself at the Wilmott hotel about luncheon time on Monday. Addison was just starting with some friends for a run down to Fontainebleau in his new Panhard, and he listened impatiently to Coquenil's explanation that he had come in regard to some English banknotes recently paid to Mr. Wilmott and possibly clever forgeries.

"Really?" exclaimed Addison. Coquenil hoped that Mr. Wilmott would give him the notes in question in exchange for genuine ones. This would help the investigation.

"Of course, my dear sir," said the American, "but I haven't the notes. They were spent long ago."

"You remember whom you paid them to?" questioned the detective.

"I didn't pay them to any one," replied Wilmott. "I gave them to my wife."

"Ah!" said Coquenil, and presently he took his departure with polite assurances, whereupon the unsuspecting Addison totted away complacently for Fontainebleau.

It was now about 2 o'clock, and the next three hours M. Paul spent with his sources of information studying the career of Pussy Wilmott from special points of view in preparation for a call upon the lady.

He discovered two significant things—first that, whatever her actual conduct, Mrs. Wilmott had never openly compromised herself.

As offsetting this, however, Coquenil secured information that connected Mrs. Wilmott directly with Martinez. It appeared that, among her other excitements, Pussy was passionately fond of gambling. She was known to have won and lost large sums at Monte Carlo, and she was a regular follower of the fashionable races in Paris. She had also been seen at the Olympia billiard academy, near the Grand hotel, where Martinez and other experts played regularly before eager audiences, among whom betting on the games was the great attraction.

"He used to talk about this lady," said one of the markers; "he called her the 'belle Americaine,' but I am sure he did not know her real name."

With so much in mind Coquenil started up the Champs Elysees about 5 o'clock.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

MRS. WILMOTT, very languid and stonning amid her luxurious surroundings, received M. Paul with the patronizing indifference that bored rich women extend to tradespeople. But presently when he explained that he was a detective and began to question her about the Ansonia affair she rose with a haughty gesture that was meant to banish him in confusion from her presence. Coquenil, however, did not banish so easily. He had dealt with haughty ladies before. "My dear madam, please sit down," he said quietly. "I must ask you to explain how it happens that a number of five pound notes, given to you by your husband some days ago, were found on the body of this murdered man."

"How do I know?" the beautiful Mrs. Wilmott replied sharply. "I spent

the notes in shops; I'm not responsible for what became of them. Besides, I am dining out tonight, and I must dress. I really don't see any point to this conversation."

"No?" He smiled, and the keenness of his glance pierced her like a blade. "The point is, my dear lady, that I want you to tell me what you were doing with this billiard player when he was shot last Saturday night."

"It's false; I never knew the man," she cried. "It's an outrage for you to—to intrude on a lady and—insult her."

"You used to back his game at the Olympia."

"I'm fond of billiards. Is that a crime?"

"You left your cloak and a small leather bag in the vestiare at the Ansonia," pursued M. Paul.

"It isn't true!"

"Your name was found stamped in gold letters under a leather flap in the bag."

She faltered, "It—it was?" Coquenil nodded. "Yes. Now, what were you doing with Martinez in that room?"

For some moments she did not answer, but studied him with frightened, puzzled eyes. Then suddenly her whole manner changed.

"Now, I will tell you exactly what happened." And, settling herself near him, Pussy Wilmott entered bravely upon the hardest half hour of her life. After all, he was a man, and she would do the best she could.

"Well," she went on quite charmingly, "I have done some foolish things in my life, but this is the most foolish. I did give Martinez the five pound notes. You see, he was to play a match this week with a Russian, and he offered to lay the money for me."

"But the dinner—the private room?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I went there for a perfectly proper reason. I needed some one to help me, and I—couldn't ask a man who knew me, so—"

"Then Martinez didn't know you?"

"Of course not. He was foolish enough to think himself in love with me, and—well, I found it convenient and amusing to utilize him."

"For what?"

Mrs. Wilmott bit her red lips and then, with some dignity, replied that she did not see what bearing her purpose had on the case since it had not been accomplished.

"Why wasn't it accomplished?" he asked.

"Because the man was shot."

"Who shot him?"

"I don't know."

"But you were present in the room? You heard the shot? You saw Martinez fall?"

"Yes, but"—Now her agitation increased. No one had entered the room except herself and Martinez and the waiter who served them, she insisted. Martinez was standing near her when—when the shot was fired, and he fell to the floor. That was all.

Coquenil smiled indulgently. "What did you do with the auger?" he asked.

"The auger?" she gasped.

"Yes; it was seen by the cab driver you took when you slipped out of the hotel in the telephone girl's raincoat."

"Yes," she answered weakly.

"And you threw it into the Seine as you crossed the Concorde bridge?"

She stared at him in genuine admiration. "My God, you're the cleverest man I ever met!"

M. Paul smiled. "I can return the compliment by saying that it isn't every lady who could throw a clumsy thing like an auger from a moving cab over a wide roadway and a stone wall and land it in a river. I suppose you threw it over on the right hand side?"

"Yes."

"How far across the bridge had you got when you threw it? This may help the divers."

"We were a little more than halfway across."

"Who bought this auger?"

"Martinez."

"Did you suggest the holes through the wall?"

"He did."

"But the holes were bored for you because you wanted to see into the next room?"

"Yes," in a low tone.

"And why?"

She burst out in a flash of feeling. "Because I knew that a wretched dancing girl was going to be there with—"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"With my husband!"

"Then your husband was the person you thought guilty that night?" questioned Coquenil.

"Yes."

"You told M. Kittredge when you called for him in the cab that you thought your husband guilty?"

"Yes, but afterward I changed my mind. My husband had nothing to do with it. If he had, do you suppose I would have told you this? No doubt he has mislaid himself, but—"

"You mean Anita?"

It was a chance shot, but it went true. She stared at him in amazement. "I believe you are the devil," she said, and the detective, recalling his talk with M. Grits, muttered to himself, "The tall blond! Of course!"

And now Pussy, feeling that she could gain nothing against Coquenil by ruse or deceit, took refuge in simple truth and told quite charmingly how this whole tragic adventure had grown out of a foolish fit of jealousy.

"You see, I found a petit bleu on my husband's dressing table one morning—I wish to heaven he would be more careful—and I—I read it. It began 'Mon gros bebe,' and was signed 'Ta petite Anita,' and—naturally I was furious. I have often been jealous of Addison, but he has always managed to prove that I was in the wrong and that he was a perfect saint, so now I determined to see for myself. It was a splendid chance, as the exact rendezvous was given—9 o'clock Saturday evening, in private room No. 7 at the Ansonia. I couldn't go alone, so I got this man Martinez—he was a perfect fool—I got him to take me because, as I told you, he didn't know me and, being such a fool, he would do whatever I wished."

"What day was it you found the petit bleu?" put in Coquenil.

"It was Thursday. I saw Martinez that afternoon."

"And you are sure it was his scheme to bore the holes?"

"Yes; he said that would be an amusing way of watching Addison without making a scandal. It was the first clever idea I ever knew him to have."

"Did you look through the holes at all?" he asked.

"No; I hadn't time."

"Did Martinez look through the first hole after it was bored?"

"Yes, but he couldn't see anything, as No. 7 was dark."

"Then you have absolutely no idea who fired the shot?"

"Absolutely none."

"Except that you think it wasn't your husband?"

"I know it wasn't my husband."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I asked him. Ah, you need not smile. I made him give me proof. When I got home that night I had a horrible feeling that Addison must have done it. So I waited until he came home. I could hear him moving about in his room. I went in and asked him where he had been. He began to lie in the usual way. And then I told him a murder had been committed at the Ansonia in private room No. 7. I wish you could have seen his face. He never said a word. He just stared at me. Well, it was the longest time before I could get anything out of him. Then he explained what had happened. He had started for the Ansonia with this woman, but she had changed her mind in the cab, and they had gone to the Cafe de Paris instead and spent the evening there. I said: 'Addison, put your things right on. We're going to the Cafe de Paris to settle this business.' The waiters hadn't gone, and they all swore black and blue that Addison told the truth."

"H'm!" reflected Coquenil. "I wonder why Anita changed her mind?"

"I'm not responsible for Anita," answered Pussy, with a dignified whisk of her shoulders.

"You know a great deal about this young man who is in prison," he suggested.

"I know he is innocent."

"I hope you can prove it."

"Of course I can prove it," she declared. "M. Kittredge, an old friend, was arrested because he called for my things, but I asked him to do that. It's absurd!"

"I'm afraid it's not so absurd as you think. You say he was an old friend. He must have been a very particular kind of an old friend for you to ask a favor of him that you knew and he knew would bring him under suspicion. You did know that, didn't you?"

"Go on; I don't mind," she said. "I was not in love with M. Kittredge. Please make that perfectly clear. He was a dear, loyal friend, but nothing more."

"Was he enough of a friend to be jealous of Martinez?"

"What was there to make him jealous?"

"Well," smiled Coquenil, "I can imagine that if a dear and loyal friend found the lady he was dear and loyal to having supper with another man in a private room he might be jealous."

"The best proof that M. Kittredge would not be jealous of me is that he loves another woman."

"The girl at Notre Dame?"

"Yes."

"But Martinez knew her too. There might have been trouble over her," ventured M. Paul shrewdly.

"There was no trouble."

"You never knew of any quarrel between Kittredge and Martinez? No words?"

"Never."

Coquenil now resolved to try a chance shot.

He said impressively, "How about Kittredge's letters to you?"

He watched the effect anxiously. "His letters to me?" she cried, with a start of dismay, while M. Paul nodded complacently. "He never wrote me letters—that is, not many—and whatever there were I—I destroyed."

Coquenil eyed her keenly and shook his head. "A woman like you would never write to a man oftener than he wrote to her, and Kittredge had a thick bundle of your letters. It was only Saturday night that he burned them, along with that photograph of you in the lace dress."

She looked at him in frightened appeal, and then, with a gesture of half surrender, "For heaven's sake, how much more do you know about me?"

"I know that you have a bundle of

Kittredge's letters here, possibly in that desk." He pointed to a charming piece of old mahogany inlaid with ivory. He had made this last deduction by following her eyes through these last tortured minutes.

"It isn't true. I—I tell you I destroyed the letters." And he knew she was lying.

Coquenil went to the desk and examined it carefully. There were two drawers in a raised part at the back; there was a long, wide drawer in front and over this a space like a drawer under a large inlaid cover hinged at the back. He searched everywhere here, but found no sign of the expected letters.

"Well," he said, with an air of disappointment, "I find nothing here. Suppose we try another room."

"Certainly," she agreed, and her face brightened in such evident relief that he turned to her suddenly and said almost regretfully: "Madam, I hear you are fond of gambling. You should study the game of poker, which teaches us to hide our feelings. Now, then," he walked back quietly to the desk, "I want you to open this secret drawer."

A big tear of weakness and humiliation gathered and rolled down her cheek, and then, still silent, she took a hairpin from her hair, inserted one leg of it into a tiny hole quite lost in the ornamental work at the back of the desk, pushed against a hidden spring, and, presto, a small secret drawer shot forward. In this drawer lay a packet of letters tied with a ribbon.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm sorry." And he took the packet from the drawer.

"Why didn't I burn them? Why didn't I burn them?" she mourned.

"You trusted to that drawer," he suggested.

"No, no; I knew the danger, but I couldn't give them up. They stood for the best part of my life, the tenderest, the happiest. I've been a weak, wicked woman!"

"Any secrets in these letters will be scrupulously respected," he assured her, "unless they have a bearing on this crime."

Turning to him with tear stained face: "I didn't tell you the truth about Kittredge and Martinez. There was trouble between them. He speaks about it in one of his letters. It was about the little girl at Notre Dame."

"You mean Martinez was attentive to her?"

"Yes."

"Did she encourage him?"

"I don't know. She behaved very strangely. She seemed attracted to him and afraid of him at the same time. Martinez told me what an extraordinary effect he had on the girl. He said it was due to his magnetic power."

"And Kittredge objected to this?"

"Of course he did, and they had a quarrel. It's all in one of those letters."

"Do you remember what he said?"

"Why—er—yes."

"What was it?"

She hesitated a moment, and then, as though weary of resisting, she replied, "He told Martinez that if he didn't leave this girl alone he would break his d— head for him."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE THIRD PAIR OF BOOTS.

WHEN brought to the Ansonia by the police authorities and shown the two rooms of the tragedy Kittredge was perfectly calm and denied any knowledge of the affair. He had never seen these holes through the wall. He had never been in the alleyway. He was absolutely innocent. Maitre Pleindeaux, his lawyer, nodded in approval. At the morgue, however, Lloyd showed a certain emotion when a door was opened suddenly and he was pushed into a room where he saw Martinez sitting on a chair and looking at him, Martinez with his shattered eye replaced by a glass one and his dead face painted to a horrid semblance of life. This is one of the theatrical tricks of modern procedure, and the American was not prepared for it.

"My God!" he muttered. "He looks alive!"

Nothing was accomplished, however, by the questioning here. Nothing was extorted from the prisoner.

While his nerves were still tingling with the gressomeness of all this Lloyd was brought to Judge Hauteville's room in the Palais de Justice. He was told to sit down on a chair beside Maitre Pleindeaux. A patient secretary sat at his desk. A formidable guard stood before the door with a sabre sword in his belt. Then the examination began.

"Kittredge," began the judge, "you have denied all knowledge of this crime. Look at this pistol and tell me if you have ever seen it before." He offered the pistol to Lloyd's manacled hands. Maitre Pleindeaux took it, with a frown of surprise.

"Excuse me, your honor," he bowed. "I would like to speak to my client before he answers that question."

But Kittredge waved him aside. "What's the use?" he said. "That is my pistol."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hauteville. "It is also the pistol that killed Martinez."

"Now," continued the judge, "you say you have never been in the alleyway that we showed you at the Ansonia. Look at these boots. Do you recognize them?"

In opposition to the advice of his counsel Kittredge now admitted the ownership of the boots that had made the accusing footprints, but he denied to Hauteville that he had ever quarreled with Martinez. At this Hauteville produced the letter Kittredge had written Mrs. Wilmott regarding Martinez.

"There was a quarrel, and you did threaten him?"

"I advise my client not to answer that question," interposed the lawyer, and the American was silent.

"As you please," said Hauteville, and he went on grimly: "Kittredge, you have so far refused to speak of the lady to whom you wrote this letter. She was your mistress. Do you deny that?"

"Yes," cried the American.

"Ah!" shrugged the judge, and, turning to his secretary, "Ask the lady to come in."

Then in a moment of sickening misery Kittredge saw the door open and a black figure enter with an ashen white face and frightened eyes. It was Pussy Wilmott treading the hard way of the transgressor, with her hair done most becomingly and breathing a delicate violet fragrance.

"Take him into the outer room," directed the judge, "until I ring."

Little by little he dragged from her the story of her relations with Kittredge, going back to their first acquaintance. This was in New York about a year before. Mr. Wilmott had not accompanied her on this trip, and, being much alone, as most of her friends were in the country, she had seen a good deal of M. Kittredge.

She had met him through mutual friends, for he was well connected socially in New York, and had soon grown fond of him. Before she realized it he was seriously infatuated, and the end of it was when she returned to Paris he followed her on another steamer, an extremely foolish proceeding, as it involved his giving up a fine position and getting into trouble with his family.

"Did he ever give you presents?"

"Yes. He gave me a gold bag that I happened to admire one day at Tiffany's." Pussy flushed under the judge's searching look. "I wouldn't have accepted it, but this happened just as I was sailing for France. He sent it to the steamer."

"Ah! Have you any idea how much M. Kittredge paid for that gold bag?"

"Yes, for I asked at Tiffany's here, and they said the bag cost about \$400."

The judge said impressively, "Madam, you may be surprised to hear that M. Kittredge returned to France on the same steamer that carried you."

"No, no," she declared. "I saw all the passengers, and he was not among them."

"He was not among the first cabin passengers."

"You mean to say he went in the second cabin? I don't believe it."

"No," answered Hauteville, with a grim smile, "he didn't go in the second cabin; he went in the steerage!"

"In the steerage!" she murmured, aghast.

"And during the five or six months here in Paris while he was dancing attendance on you he was practically without resources."

"I know better," she insisted. "He took me out all the time and spent money freely."

The judge shook his head. "He spent on you what he got by pawning his jewelry, by gambling and sometimes by not eating. We have the facts."

"Mon Dieu!" she shuddered. "And I never knew it! I never suspected it!"

"This is to make quite clear that he loved you as very few women have been loved. Now I want to know why you quarreled with him six months ago?"

"I don't know. Really I don't know," she insisted, with a weary gesture.

"Then I must do what I can to make you know," he replied impatiently, and, reaching forward, he pressed the electric bell.

"Bring back the prisoner," he ordered as the guard appeared, and a moment later Kittredge was again in his place.

Continued next week.

## His Emancipation.

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes:

Beverly, Sept. 12, 1771.

Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his house plague for seven long years, Masury Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have have all the old (shoes) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Riddance of bad Wares. Amen!

JOSIAH WOODBURY.

## Not Troubled.

Irate Tenant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years. Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.



## A WAR DINNER.

By a Confederate Colonel.

A TENNESSEE veteran who served in Forrest's cavalry recently indulged in the following interesting reminiscences:

"A good dinner was as strange to our camp as a five-dollar gold piece, and I remember well how eager we were for persimmon time. Then it often happened that we got a good fat possum out of one of those trees. We'd skin him and leave him hung up overnight for the frost to toughen him just once. Next day we'd roast him in the ashes with plenty of yellow yams so sugary that the sirup would ooze out of them like resin out of a pitch pine tree."

"Talk about sternpin and canvas-backs! Why, man alive, possum and taters is the thing that makes you truly thank God for the space there is within you! Such sweet meat and so fat and juicy! And when the last morsel has gone down how calm and contented you feel—how much at peace with all mankind!"

"I reckon the best dinner we had in our camp was one fall day in '64, when we were hanging on to the flank of Sherman's army as it marched through Georgia. One of our foraging parties brought a cow into camp, and the head fell to my share. I had my man wash and clean it; then I set him to digging a pit in the clay soil about a yard square. In it he built a fire and heaped it way, way up, so that after it had burned for an hour and been cleaned out that pit was pretty near as hot as Topket. Then it was ready for business. We put the head, skin and all, on the bottom, with plenty of those sugary yams alongside. Over the top we put some oak planks we borrowed from a neighboring farmhouse and covered them over with earth. You can imagine how perfectly everything was cooked in that ready-made oven."

"Meantime I sent out invitations to General Pat Cleburne of Arkansas, General Brown of Tennessee, my own state (he was afterward governor), Colonel Moses Wickes and other army men, stationed near us. There's no need to say that all responded, for, let me tell you, the Federals had swept the country almost bare, and it had been 'short commons' with Bragg's army for several weeks. Our table was made of three oak planks held up by crocheted tree branches. Our dining room was the scrub oak grove where we had pitched our camp, with the wild birds singing and chirping in the leaves. The fresh smell of the earth was in the air, and what more did we want?"

"The cow's head was served on a hot oak plank for a trencher, with the yams cuddled alongside. Our hunger was our sauce; our condiments were plain salt and pepper. But how it made you smack your lips! Our mouths were watering all the time we were skinning that savory, smoking headpiece with our 'frogstickers.' Each man stepped up to the table and cut off a slice with the same handy weapon, pared off the hard baked rind of a yam and sat down on a nearby log to chew and chat."

"We would shake our heads at each other and smile in a knowing fashion and then shake our heads and smile again, like schoolboys out for a frolic. Take it altogether, we ate—yes, sir, we really ate—with a relish and gusto Delmonico's or Chamberlain's never saw. Everybody agreed that the melting tongue of that cow was the most responsible eating he had ever enjoyed."

## A Monument For the Soldiers.

A monument for the soldiers! And what will ye build it of? Can ye build it of marble or brass or bronze, Outlasting the soldier's love? Can ye glorify it with legends As grand as their blood hath writ From the inmost shrine of this land of thine To the outmost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it Out of our hopes made sure, And out of our purest prayers and tears, And out of our faith secure; We would build it out of the great white truths Their death hath sanctified And the sculptured forms of the men in arms And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures Can the sculptor carve in stone? Can the marble breast be made to bleed And the marble lips to moan? Can the marble brow be fevered And the marble eyes be graven To look their last as the flag floats past On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures Shall be all fair and brave And as befitting, as pure and white As the stars above their grave. The marble lips and breast and brow Whereon the laurel lies Bequest us right to guard the flight Of the old flag in the skies.

A monument for the soldiers Built of a people's love And blazoned and decked and panopied With the hearts who built it off! And see that ye build it stately In pillar and niche and gate And high in pose as the souls of those It would commemorate.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



THE steady tramp of martial feet Was heard upon the village street. Sweet music filled the fragrant air. So sweet with breath of flowers fair. Beneath the shade of stately trees. Whose green flags nestled in the breeze. Each soldier paused to bow his head In presence of the soldier dead.

Three little playmates left their play And turned their eager steps that way. Their aprons filled with daisies white And dandelions golden bright. And one dear child was very fair, With azure eyes and golden hair. And one was dark, with glowing eyes, Whose birth had been 'neath southern skies.

And one, the third, oh, black was she As child of Africa could be. And arm in arm they came to strew The soldiers' graves; 'twas all they knew.

Of that sweet day, and so, With hearts and faces all aglow, They scattered blossoms far and wide, Where foe and friend lay side by side.



A soldier, smiling, turned to see And jest a little with the three: "Why, little Effie, don't you know That Madge's father long ago Against your father fought? And here,"

Pointing to Topsy, standing near, "Is the whole cause of all the fuss. Her people got us in the muss."

The children lifted wondering eyes, Half fearful in their sore surprise, Then with a mutual impulse turned. The soldier's stately presence spurned. And, standing closely side by side And twining loving arms, they cried: "We don't believe a word you say, But if it's true, why, now, sir, they

"Are up in heaven, and God, I know, forgets what happened long ago. And we don't fight, ah, no, for we—We love each other, don't you see." Then hand in hand they walked away, The girl in blue, the girl in gray, And she for whose downtrodden race The soldiers perished face to face.

—Mary D. Brine.

## Seventh Fought Seventh.

It was a coincidence that the Seventh West Virginia, Union, and the Seventh Virginia, Confederate, opposed each other at Gettysburg. The Seventh Virginia was beaten and its colonel wounded and captured by the West Virginia boys who wore the blue. The West Virginians were a very brave organization and honored their state.

## Bloody Struggle For the Colors.

The flag of the Fourth Michigan Infantry was seized at Gettysburg during close hand to hand fighting by a Confederate officer. Colonel Harrison H. Jeffords shot him on the spot, but Jeffords was run through by a Confederate soldier and fell clinging to the standard. This soldier was in turn killed, having been shot by Jarius W. Hall, then major of the regiment and subsequently its colonel.

## Under Both Flags.

At a Confederate campfire in New York a few years ago an elderly man approached General Wheeler, who was the guest of honor.

"I want to shake hands with you, general," he said, putting out the only one he had.

"Gray or blue?" laughed the general, grasping it promptly.

"Both," was the reply. "I fought with you under the stars and bars, and my two boys fought with you under the stars and stripes."

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

## Andy's Widda

WELL allus fix his grave up good, Carline an' me—at least she does.

Poor Andy! When he fell I stood Right by him—so—as if it wuz Me here, him there. I broke his fall With a quick grab, but—that wuz all. He left his wife a widda.

An' that wuz what he dreaded, too, From first to las'. He used to say: "Oh, you're all right! If I wuz you I wouldn't car' much either way." It's different when you're goin' to leave Some one behind to fret an' grieve An' live a lonely widda!



"I BROKE HIS FALL."

He had her pictur'—jest a girl, A pleasant young thing, well enough, But Andy 'lowed she were the pearl, The best, tiptopst kind of stuff. He used to look an' look an' smile An' say, "Old boy, she ain't the style, Now, is she, fer a widda?"

An' my! I got that pictur' yet. I kep' it kinder fer his sake When I fetched home his things an' met His folks an'—her. I hed to break The news, an' mighty hard to do, Seefn' I'd brung poor Andy, too, Home to his little widda.

Hard work, I tell you, boys, that's so! An', sakes, ye'd oughter heard her cry! Be good an' glad you didn't, though. But—well, she calmed down by 'an by, An' then I hed to tell about Jest how the whole blame scrape came out To that inquirin' widda.



"HER LITTLE QUIET CRY."

An' so on each Memorial day I giv his grave up extra fine—Or Carline does. I have to stay Most of the time in marchin' line, A-filin' here, salutin' there. As veterans got to do our share for every soldier's widda.

But Andy, poor old boy! His grave—We tend to that—or Carline does. An' then, of course, she likes to have Her little quiet cry, becuz—Well, jes' becuz. 'Twixt you an' me, It's on'y natural, fer, you see, I married Andy's widda.

An' so it's kinder comforting When each Memorial day comes round, With the remembrances it bring Of them old comrades underground—It's really comforting to drink Poor Andy's health an'—well, to think His wife ain't left a widda.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

## His Message Went.

One day when the president was with the troops who were fighting at the front the wounded, both Union and Confederate, began to pour in. As one stretcher was passing Lincoln he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. Lincoln's great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the moment. He ordered the carriers to stop. Kneeling and bending over the wounded soldier, he asked, "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Oh, you will do nothing for me," he replied. "You are a Yankee. I can't hope that my message will ever reach my mother."

Lincoln, in tears, his voice full of tenderest love, convinced the lad of his sincerity, and he gave his goodby words without reserve. The president directed them copied and ordered that they be sent that night with a flag of truce into the enemy's lines.

## THE OTHER LEE.

SEATED in the dining room of the Ingletre hotel, Havana, one evening early in April, 1898, were half a score of Americans, mostly newspaper correspondents, surrounded Consul General Lee, each demanding of him when he would leave Havana and when war would be declared. General Lee was evasive and finally, to check the flood of questions, dropped into reminiscence of the civil war.

"You boys don't seem to realize," he said, "that this is a sad anniversary for me. Yet in view of everything that has happened I don't know why I should call it sad. While I am proud of the struggle we of the south made and while, had we to do it over again, history would repeat itself, I am glad today that God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

"It is just thirty-three years ago tonight that I led my cavalry in a forlorn hope south from Richmond. It has been said that I left the army with my men without the consent and approval of my uncle, General Robert E. Lee. That is not true, although it is true that he sent for me to return when he learned that General Grant's generous terms depended upon his ability to surrender the entire army."

"The last stand had been made, and we fought the last fight we were capable of entering. For months we had seen the end approach, hoping against hope that a miracle would intervene to save the Confederacy. At last it became apparent that the end could be no longer delayed. When General Lee announced to us his decision to accept the best terms for the surrender of the army that could be obtained from General Grant, I asked and received from him permission to skirt Richmond with my cavalry, or what was left of it, and make my way south, cutting a road through the Union forces if necessary."

"I was a very young man in those days, and hope died hard. My thought was that if I could take my boys out of the trap we might form a nucleus about which the south could once more rally. My uncle expressed the opinion that the adventure was foolhardy, but finally gave a reluctant consent. So it happened that just thirty-three years ago tonight with my men I rode south and by daybreak was safely beyond the Union lines."

"As I have said, in those days I was a very young man. I thought I had something of a corner in the knowledge market. Even the rough, hard knocks that had come to me during the war had not been sufficient to drive the conceit out of my head. I received a mental jolt that morning, however, that started me along the right path and soon placed me where I was willing to admit there were others who were at least fully as wise as myself. I had always held my uncle in the very highest respect. I still regard him as the military genius of the war, but at that time I thought I could see mistakes he had made."

"It was just at break of day, while we were riding down a rough country road, the dust of which had been laid by a heavy shower, that we came upon an old southern woman. Perhaps she belonged to the poor white class, but her knowledge of men was profound. She stood in front of a cabin, and I drew up and asked for a drink."



"NO, HE HASN'T."

As she handed me the gourd of water she inquired for news from Richmond. "The war is all over, aunty," I responded. "We are going home. General Lee has surrendered."

"No, he hasn't," was the quick response. "Perhaps that 'count, shiftless, triflin' General Fitzhugh Lee has surrendered, but not General Robert E. Lee. I know he has not surrendered, and the war is not ended."

"Even under the coat of tan that had accumulated during my four years of service I could feel my face flush as I heard my companions' fruitless efforts to suppress their merriment."

"We rode on, and we were perhaps four miles south of Richmond when a courier from General Lee overtook us and I received my instructions, which meant the surrender of the last remnant of the army that had so valiantly defended Richmond."—New York Herald.

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

## KEEPING THE DAY.

BILLY and Cherry were playing soldiers in the yard. It made no difference that Cherry was a little girl of ten, she could play soldier just as well as Billy, who was a boy and twelve.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Billy, "I'm so thirsty I could drink rainwater and call it good."

"Me, too," said Cherry as she wiped her patriotic brow.

At that they rushed into the kitchen, and while Cherry had the first chance at the tumbler always standing by the sink Billy, half giggling, told his mother how they had both declared themselves thirsty enough to drink rainwater.

Mrs. Merritt went on with the cookies she was making as she said:

"Our poor soldiers during the war were often so parched with thirst that they not only would almost have cried for joy to have clean rainwater, but during some of their long marches they gladly lay down and scooped up the muddy water from puddles in the middle of the road."

"Honest, mamma?" questioned Billy, forgetting his thirst.

"Yes, that is really true, Billy. I used to hear Grandma Merritt tell of many of those things that seem almost impossible in these quiet days."

"Oh, my goodness sakes alive!" said the soldier girl, who had just drunk her fill. "I don't know what I should do if I couldn't get nice, clean water when I'm thirsty."

"Did the soldiers use to get hungry when there wasn't anything to eat?" asked Billy eagerly.

Mrs. Merritt had to smile. Billy's appetite was a subject for jokes all through the family.

"Soldiers have to learn to put up with a great deal when in camp or on the march, Billy, boy, that they would never think could be endured were they at home. But, of course, grown men can endure many things that would seem dreadful to children like you and Cherry. But I want you to remember one thing—our soldiers had to pass through a great deal that was hard and extremely uncomfortable, and they did it to make things firm and easy for those who were to come after them. Well, run away to your play now, but when Memorial day comes remember we all owe a debt of great gratitude to the men who go marching by."

Out ran the merry pair, yet it at once became evident that a change had come over the spirit of their dreams. Instead of a brisk march to queer, emphatic orders, they perched on a bench up against the great horse chestnut tree.

"Cherry," said Billy soberly, "it's awful to be thirsty!"

"Yes, if you can't get a drink," said quick-witted Cherry.

"And if soldiers get thirsty marching at war I don't see why they wouldn't on any march," Billy went on, "and I think, seeing the soldiers did so much for us, we ought to get up and do something for them."

"What could we do?" asked Cherry, her eyes big this time.

"We might give them all the water they can stuff when they go by here day after tomorrow."

"Oh, so we might!" Cherry exclaimed. "But I wish we could give them lemonade instead; it's ever so much nicer."

"But it would take a ton, my dear," said Billy, who sometimes addressed Cherry as he heard his father and his mother address her.

"Let's ask mamma about it." Back clamored the children to the kitchen with their request. Mrs. Merritt thought she saw a chance to teach a lesson in real patriotism and a little endurance.

"You can have a pail of water and several tumblers," she began, "if you will agree to stay all the morning—that means from 9 o'clock until 12—and hand glasses of water to the veterans as they pass by. They go past the house on their march, and a halt is usually called at the corner close by. Remember, if you do this at all you must do it thoroughly. Bridget will fill the pail for you as often as necessary, but a great many men will keep stopping for a drink. No soldier must be denied."

The children promised readily to meet the requirements, which they did faithfully.

"I got good and tired," Billy told his mother at the close of Memorial day, "but I told Cherry it didn't make any difference how tired the soldiers got in the war they had to march right on and fight right on."

"Why, Billy, dear, that is just the very lesson I wanted you and Cherry to learn," said Mrs. Merritt, with a pleased smile.—Christian Work.

## Both Pierced by Bayonets.

Notable in the chronicles of the Second Michigan Infantry is an official report by its colonel, Orlando M. Poe, about the battle at Williamsburg. He found one of his men "dead beside a dead foe, each transfixed with the other's bayonet."



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FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1910

## The Editors' Say.

## APPLE CULTURE IN FRANKLIN COUNTY.

MANY Franklin county farmers are enthusiastic about apple orchards and claim that as good apples can be raised right here as in any locality east of the Mississippi. This year, thousands of new trees have been and will be set out.

In Colrain, there has been planted a model orchard under the direction of the faculty of the Amherst Agricultural College. Other demonstration orchards are located at Westhampton, Sturbridge and West Newbury.

The Colrain experiment is being tried on six acres of land owned by Arthur L. Fish. He has lived in Colrain for 30 years and is familiar with apple culture.

About 600 trees have already been set out. Many of them are Baldwins and it is not expected they will come into paying bearing for about ten years. Earlier varieties have also been planted, which will probably come into bearing in about four years. The State furnished the 600 trees. Messrs. Sears and Hurd of the State Agricultural College directed the laying out of the orchard and the work of setting was done by the students. The work will be superintended for 15 years by the faculty.

The State furnishes a first class spraying outfit, but Mr. Fish will furnish all other needed supplies and have the profits.

The Baldwin trees are set 40 feet apart. The land is rolling and it is claimed is admirably adapted for apple culture, as it has been known for years that apples grown on trees on high land will keep much better than on low.

Two laws are being violated quite frequently by citizens who should know better. One relates to dumping rubbish alongside the highways and the other to riding bicycles on sidewalks. Both are strictly forbidden, and if either is continued there is liable to be trouble for the law-breaker.

Try planting a few flax seed in each hill of potatoes. A young lady in Deerfield, of an experimental turn of mind, tried this method last year with eminently satisfactory results. With ordinary care and fertilizing she succeeded in raising a large crop and the potato bug was an almost unknown quantity. A neighbor who planted potatoes quite near had his vines eaten up by the bugs.

THE small farms in Templeton, Hubbardston, Westminster and Ashburnham, selling at \$1,000 to \$2,000 are being rapidly bought up by the Swedish, Finnish and Polish new comers, says the Athol Transcript. The prices paid have increased about 25 per cent. in the past few years. Almost every farm has a small orchard, almost wholly of Baldwins. The new comers are pruning, spraying, cultivating and fertilizing to an unusual extent.

## Memorial Day.

On the banks of the river of glory  
In camp are the soldiers today,  
Away from the grim and the gory  
That reddens the battle's array.  
The bugles and the drums are still.  
The sword and gun no longer kill.  
The blue and gray.

To the camp on the river of glory  
We tell in the flowers we lay  
On the graves of the brave the old story  
Of love that shall live away.  
We cheer the heroes dead, and yet  
The roses with our tears are wet  
For blue and gray.  
—W. J. Lampton.

## Mount Hermon.

Rev Harold Pattison preached in the chapel on Sunday.

Two literary societies have been organized for the summer term, to be known as the Athenian and Forensic literary societies respectively. The nucleus for these societies was chosen by a faculty committee from the older men of the school.

Monday afternoon the first game of the base ball series was played between Crossley and Overtown. The game was won by Crossley by a score of 15-6. The game was marked by much loose playing and many errors on both sides. This condition is due, in part, to lack of practice.

Mr. E. W. Riggs of the class of 1900, has been visiting the school. Mr. Riggs soon sails for Turkey, where he has obtained the position of President of the Euphrates College. This college is one of the largest of its kind, having about 1200 students.

The Junior class from the Seminary was entertained by the Hermon Juniors last Monday. The girls attended the game in the afternoon and spent the evening in the old Chapel hall Recitation, which had been prepared for the occasion. A light supper was served. The plans for the day were suddenly changed on account of the weather, as it had been the intention of the committee to have supper in the woods.

## Northfield Farms

Miss Bessie Hammond returned Tuesday to Springfield, after spending a week at home.

Mr. Ward is quite ill with sciatic rheumatism and Ernest Whiting is gathering cream for him.

Mrs. Ida Howes has gone to Hawley to care for Mr. Howes' mother.

Several Athol people came over in their autos Sunday to their cottages by the river.

Miss Gertrude Howes, from Brattleboro, is at her home here.

Rollin Shearer moved last week to the Campbell place which he bought recently.

The Merryetnas Club will meet with Marguerite Chamberlain on June 2.

## South Vernon

Rev. A. E. Phelps and wife went to Dummerston to visit Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foley Wednesday, returning Thursday.

The Lend A Hand will give an entertainment in Johnson Hall tonight. Every one is cordially invited. An interesting program has been arranged.

Memorial Day exercises will be held Sunday at Union Church, Vernon, at 1.30. Col. K. Haskins of Brattleboro will speak.

Let's sit down for a minute, friend, and talk over this matter of buying goods that you don't see and feel, for which you send your money a thousand miles or more. Let's suppose, just for the sake of the argument, that when you get it you aren't satisfied. What then?

Well, I hear you say, "They promise to take it back and give me back my money." Suppose they do promise, is there any certainty that they will send your money back when you want it immediately or send all of it back? And isn't your time worth more to you than fritting it away in correspondence with a house so far away that if its reply isn't satisfactory you can't pack your hand grip and go and get your money personally?

Perhaps you say, "I can't get what I want in my home town." That may be so, but have you really tried? It may be worth your while to go a little out of your way and do your trading at home. If Smith on the street near you hasn't got what you want perhaps Brown, two squares away, has it, or Robinson, a quarter of a mile away from your home. At any rate, it takes less time to try to get the things you want at home than it does to write for them and wait for them to come from some city far away, doesn't it?

I think I hear you say, "The prices at home are higher than they are in the mail order houses." Are you quite sure that, quality for quality, the prices are higher? And even if they are slightly higher it is worth something to you to buy at home and not spend your time writing for goods and waiting for them. Perhaps if you and your friends who send so much money away from home to the houses far away were to patronize your neighbor he could afford to put in a better and more varied stock and thus give you more and better goods for your money.

## A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance That Kept Charles Villiers Single All His Life.

Charles Villiers, long the "father of the house of commons," never married, but he was the hero of a romance which is described in the "Reminiscences and Correspondence of Mme. Olga Norikoff" as having lasted all his life.

Villiers was once on the eve of marrying a very rich spinster. The lady, however, was imprudent enough one day to say to her fiancé that she knew very well he only wanted to marry her money and not herself.

Villiers' aristocratic dignity manifested itself. He took his hat, bowed to the lady and said that after that remark there could be no more question of marriage between them. Off he went.

Strangely enough, the deserted spinster spent the next thirty years in trying in vain to see him to make up. He never came near her or gave her a chance of coming near him. "And do you know," remarked Lady Gilbert, who told me the story, "she still loves him and cherishes his memory."

"Oh, that is charming! Quite a romance!" I exclaimed. "Tell the lady to lunch with me tomorrow." We were acquainted. "Charles Villiers is coming."

Lady Gilbert delivered my message. The two old people met at my hotel, after which the lady humbly asked Charles Villiers to call on her. He accepted the invitation. When we were alone together she said: "Do you know, Mme. Norikoff, he is not in the least altered after all these years. He is exactly the same in looks and manners."

Of that, of course, I could have no opinion. But surely thirty years before the old Charles Villiers was neither half bent nor half blind. However, the old time friendship was renewed and lasted until the lady's death a few years later.

She left him the greatest part of her very great fortune. Charles Villiers became very rich in money, but unfortunately he was then very rich in years also.

## STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Trained a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

"I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience," writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, "when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thinly growing hedge of small babul trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, which had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hundred yards on the flat of my stomach. This on loose, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my rifle on ahead. Then, wriggling past it until the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on in front again, and so on.

"Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling around until I had gone some fifty yards. Then the whirring of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not twenty yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds. Then it flashed across me that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent. By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck, for he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took pot shot at the vulture at twenty yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well was, to say the least, uncanny."—Pall Mall Gazette.

## The Bird's Tail.

In his "Story of the Birds" James Newton Baskett says: To a slight extent in some birds the tail may be used as a rudder, but where the wing is perfected turning is effected with a very scant tail. The use of the tail always has more reference to the up and down movements than to the lateral. It comes into play in alighting (as a brake) or in rising (as a kite-like surface) and is used dexterously by the soaring birds in balancing themselves against varying currents of air.

## What He Lacked.

"They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?" "It is," answered the round shouldered man sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the bachelor class!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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In the Press.

## "All About Northfield."

By A. P. FITT.

A brief history and guide to Northfield, Mass., and vicinity, with illustrations, maps and diagrams, and directory of general information and business notices.

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Northfield Press Northfield, Mass.



## CHURCH DIRECTORY

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Main St. and Parker Ave.  
Rev. Arthur E. Wilson, Pastor  
Services at 10.45 a. m.  
Sunday School, 12 m.

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Thursdays, 8 p. m.

**St. Patrick's Parish**  
Main Street  
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor  
Services every alternate  
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

**Advent Christian Church**  
South Vernon  
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor  
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30  
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

## Church News

The Connecticut Valley Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches will be held in Unity Church Amherst, Tuesday and Wednesday June 7 and 8.

Prayer meeting at the North Church was of a missionary character last night.

A special communion service and opportunity for new members to be received publicly will be held the first Sunday in June at the Congregational Church.

Praise service next Sunday evening at 7.30 in the North church.

The regular meeting of the Women's Alliance will be held next Wednesday at the Unitarian Church.

## SOUTH VERNON CHURCH

The subject Sunday morning at the A. C. Church will be "The Second Coming of Christ." At the evening service the subject will be, "On what basis will the judgment be held?"

Loyal Workers meeting at 6.30 Sunday evening. Leader, Miss Elizabeth Palmer.

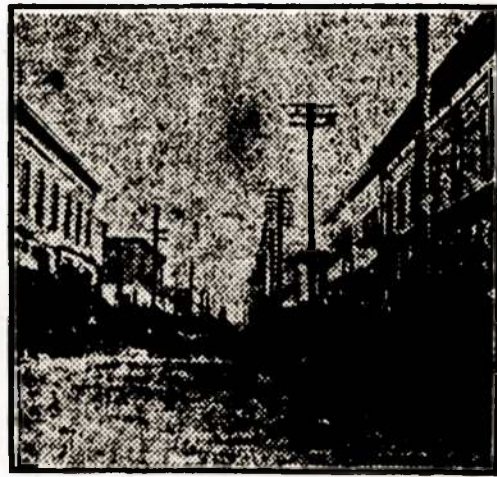
Last Sunday morning the Sunday School used the world's Sunday School program.

## MAKING SPOKANE SPOTLESS.

Washington City Receiving Overhauling by Men, Women and Children.

A valuable movement for making Spokane, Wash., a city beautiful is under way and has at the head former Mayor O. Herbert Moore, now president of the One Hundred and Fifty Thousand club. He says that more than 50,000 men, women and children took part the first four days of the cleaning.

The municipality took care of the business thoroughfares, the residents



AN UNKEMPT MAIN STREET.

devoting their energies to their own lawns and back yards, also assisting others in beautifying the vacant lots and grass plots in their blocks. Mayor Nelson S. Pratt has set aside two days for bonfires, at which debris not taken to the city incinerating plant will be destroyed under the direction of the fire department.

Pupils in the public schools are devoting several hours daily to planting trees and flower seeds and setting trees and shrubs.

This is a grand example for towns or smaller towns to follow where the main streets leading from the railroad stations to the heart of their villages are in a very sad condition.

Let the natives get together and organize an improvement club and give their respective towns a thorough overhauling and make it one to be proud of instead of one that is really an eyesore to the state in which it is located.

## An Enterprising Town.

The enterprise of a town may be gauged by the appearance of its streets, its public buildings and its parks.

## When Necessary.

"He spends money like water."  
"Like water?"  
"Yes; the water that a tramp uses."

While not ranking with California or Florida in the production of oranges, Louisiana produced 141,700 boxes in 1904.

## A MOTHER'S CRUELTY.

This girl married for love. And the one person most difficult to convince of the wisdom of her step was the girl's mother.

## W-h-a-t!

You see, the girl's mother had doted on her desire of making a brilliant match for her daughter. She had a proper husband picked out and was greatly grieved because her girl had fallen in love with another man.

## A mother's love may be cruel.

Ever think of that? It is not that the mother does not love her daughter. If need were, she would die for the girl. In this particular she loves too well and unwisely.

The mother knows what married life means. She knows its heartbreaking trials, its petty economies, its actual hardships, and she wants to save her daughter from the privations and cares and worries which cause the mother quite as much distress as the girl herself.

## It is not sordid love of money.

But in her mother plans to shield her child the mother can be as cruel as fate. Not by inflicting physical pain, you understand, but by the soul torturing pressure of moral obligation.

Suppose the family occupies a good position in the community, but is hampered financially. How easy for the mother to keep before her daughter's eyes the little necessary shifts of economy, the bent shoulders and shabby clothes of "poor dear papa!"

These things strike deep into the heart of an affectionate child.

The daughter knows well enough that her mother expects her to help along the family fortunes by a well to do marriage. And the mother maneuvers night and day for the doubly beneficent purpose of helping along the family and providing for the girl.

It takes courage to fly in the face of a fond mother's plans. The trouble with these plans is the uncertainty of them. Some brilliant matches turn out any way but brilliant. The mother has laid a false emphasis on money, and money marriages often result badly.

The mother forgets that character is the one desirable thing in a son-in-law. Given a young man who has good health, good ability and a clean life, and you can almost certainly predict success for him.

It may be slow for the young couple at first. The young wife may be obliged to sacrifice and economize and put up with some privations, but there is happiness in it for her and a good chance for ultimate prosperity.

If the mother will remember, she probably began her own married life in that way, and she ought to be very careful how she opposes the daughter who wants to marry the man she loves.

## How Paper is "Marbled."

The process by which paper is "marbled" in the bookbinding craft is very interesting. A shallow bath of gum tragacanth, or goat's horn, is prepared, and upon this the workman sprinkles from a flat brush the colors required for the desired pattern. When the whole surface is covered with splashes of color the workman takes a huge comb, which he draws with a wavy motion the length of the tub. An expert marbler can so arrange his colors as to copy any pattern. Next the man takes a sheet of paper and lays it deftly upon the surface of the bath, allowing it to remain for a moment. When the sheet is lifted the entire film of color comes with it, and it is necessary to resprinkle and recomb the bath for the next sheet. In marbling the edges of the leaves of a book the body of the book, without the covers, is so held that the edges may be quickly dipped into the bath. In this case, of course, one prepared bath will serve for a number of volumes, as each volume removes but a small area of the colors.

## A Costly Bible.

The most costly book in the Royal library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is no wonder that it is considered precious, for there is not another like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 100 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 300 pages of writing, and each page falls but an inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches. The covers are solid planks four inches thick.

## Thermometer Down.

Little Willie—Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls? Pa—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, ours has fallen. Pa—How far? Little Willie—About five feet, and when it struck the porch floor it broke.

## Quaint Picture of Gladstone.

According to a Turkish newspaper of 1876, William E. Gladstone was born in 1796. For father he had a Bulgarian. His gluttony for gold made him yellow. He was of medium height, his whiskers were cropped close to his face, and "as a sign of his satanic spirit his forehead and upper forehead were bare. His evil temper has made his hair fall off, so that from a distance he might be taken for quite bald."

## HILDA THE HELPER

## V.—She Is Progressive

Hilda the Helper always stood for EVERYTHING PROGRESSIVE. Whenever any plan was good her zeal was quite excessive.



She urged the cleaning of the streets, improvements in the paving. "Such things," she said, "there's nothing beats, for SPENDING HERE IS SAVING."

She made old Skimps repaint his fence and Scrooge repair his stable. Her zeal for progress was immense, and this is not a fable.

## The Evolution of Booster Bill

## V.—Bill Praises the Editor

When Bill no longer was a chump And saw 'twas time to make things hump,

To square accounts he started in, Dead sore he had a knocker been.



Now when the paper booms the town Bill goes and planks his dollars down, The editor slaps on the back And says, "That sheet's a cracker-jack."

"The editor will stand by us And make the whole town prosperous, If we will stand by him, SO FILL HIS PAGE WITH ADS.," cries "Booster Bill."

## Looking Up.

"Yes, there have been a good many changes since you left."  
"What has become of Jim, who used to steal so many chickens?"  
"He stole a dozen eggs last week."  
"Say, that fellow will be a financier yet."

Willing She Should Sacrifice.  
"So you think two can live as cheaply as one?"  
"Sure!"  
"How do you make that out?"  
"We ought to live easily on what her dad now spends on her."

## Explained.

"Why is a suffragette?"  
"Why?"  
"Yes."  
"Because she wants to. See tax list for more explicit information."

## A Narrow Escape.

"What! You a widow, dear cousin?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, that's a lucky escape for me. Do you know, I nearly married you once."—Bon Vivant.

## A Roast.

"It takes Freddie so long to make up his mind."  
"Why should it? He has almost no material to work on."—Cleveland Leader.

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Hoot Awa!, Mon. An English clergyman, talking one day with a Scottish brother of the cloth, remarked facetiously, "Well, David, I believe, after all has been said, that my head could hold two of yours."  
"Mon," returned the other, with ready wit, "I never tocht before that your head was sae empty."—Boston Transcript.

Visitor—I saw your husband in the crowd downtown today. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him. Hostess—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him.—Puck.

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## WHEN ROOSEVELT COMES HOME

Features of Welcoming Celebration to Former President.

### BIG NAVAL AND LAND PARADE

Remarkable Demand For Tugboats by Greeting Parties Who Plan to Meet the Colonel at Sea—Ranchmen, Rough Riders, Military and Civic Societies Clamor For Places in the Parade.

Down on the river front at New York city it was said the other day that there was an unprecedented demand for ocean going excursion boats for June 18, when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, former president of the United States, returns from Europe.

Nearly every big organization—patriotic, political and social—in New York and scores from other cities, it is understood, have engaged or are trying to engage steamboats for June 18, and, though some of the railroads using boats on regular runs will charter them for the celebration, there are far from enough to go around at any price. Some of the greeting parties plan to go far to sea, and it is expected that there will be a race to be the first to meet Colonel Roosevelt's steamer.

Some of the organizations planning to meet Colonel Roosevelt, it was said, are negotiating for all sorts of noise making instruments, such as foghorns and whistles which can be heard at great distances. One organization, more ambitious than the rest, it was said, was trying to get a great sawmill whistle now in use in the northwest forests which can be heard twenty miles.

#### Two Parades Planned.

The plan of the celebration already has been decided to the extent that there is to be a big naval and land parade, the former as the colonel's ship comes up the bay and the latter after he lands. While it is not yet known whether any war vessels will go to New York to take part in the naval parade, there is talk of having Forts Hancock, Wadsworth and Hamilton salute Colonel Roosevelt as he comes up the bay.

Rough riders, military, civic and political organizations from all parts of the United States are almost begging for places in the land parade. Captain Arthur F. Cosby, secretary of the general reception committee, displayed recently a great batch of letters and telegrams from many of Colonel Roosevelt's old friends in the far west, some of them declaring that if a parade were held they would bring their own horses, all bedecked with new western saddles bought for the occasion, and make a showing which would stir up even New York.

William A. Campbell telegraphed to William Loeb, Jr., one of the special Roosevelt reception subcommittee men, from Omaha saying that 100 Omaha business men and stockmen from South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming insisted on coming to New York to meet Colonel Roosevelt and had determined to bring fifty horses. "These men," he wired, "don't want to break in too strong or annoy your committee, but want to know if they can have any sort of recognition from the committee in charge, be permitted to ride in any parade or have representation at any of your functions. They are nonpartisan and nonsectarian friends of the distinguished ex-president from the west."

Colonel Zach Mulhall wrote also to Mr. Loeb from Oklahoma City, Okla., that he wanted to bring a lot of fine fellows such as the colonel would be proud of. He said:

#### Many Ranchmen Eager to Come.

"I would like to show my appreciation, love and admiration for Colonel Roosevelt at his homecoming and have in New York as an outfit of the west ranchmen from the different states mounted on the best horses of our kind ever produced in the great streets of New York. These men would be big, clean fellows, and Colonel Roosevelt would be proud of them. It would be my aim to cause New Yorkers to tip their hats to this delegation and would take such men from the west as have always been admirers of Mr. Roosevelt. I would have every man purchase the best new western saddle used in our country for the occasion."

He adds that between fifty and sixty men will come anyway.

J. Edwin Browne of Baltimore, national commander of the Army and Navy union, writes that the union is most anxious to take part in the reception to Colonel Roosevelt and has among its members 150 of the finest New York policemen, who would be proud to act as Colonel Roosevelt's guard of honor at the homecoming.

Civic and military organizations in New York city have been among the foremost to ask places in line. O. S. Busse has offered the rough riders of Company F, Seventh regiment, to act

as escort. Herman Veller, centurion of the New York division of the Centurion Road club, which, he says, is the largest and oldest bicycle club in America, wants to put 200 men in line as a bicycle escort.

These are only a small part of the letters received by the committee either directly applying for places in line for organizations or making inquiry regarding the program with that end in view.

### THE BLACK BASS.

Mysterious Habits of the Fish That Puzzle the Naturalist.

Why the black bass bites on one day and refuses every bait the next; why he takes helgramites and only helgramites on Monday, grasshoppers on Tuesday and frogs on Wednesday; why he bites only on dark days for a fortnight and then shifts his biting humor to days bright and breezy; why you find him today on sandy bottom and tomorrow on mud and the day after on the rocks, are baffling traits of the bass that relate merely to his sporting relations with the angler. But there are other mysteries that puzzle the naturalist and bear on the organic life of the fish.

Up in Maine are two bass rivers not far apart. In one the fish run often to four, even to five, pounds; in the other rarely above a pound and a half. In one of the largest lakes of New Hampshire the writer's score for a whole season once ran up to 398 fish. Food was evidently abundant, for the bass were "chunky" and the viscera thick with fatty tissues. Yet the post-mortem showed in the stomach only glutinous, unrecognizable white matter, and the largest bass of the whole season drew the scales at but a pound and three-quarters. What did those bass live on, and why didn't they grow bigger? Again, in the uplands of Connecticut are two large lakes some eight miles apart. In the one bass are often caught in winter ice fishing; in the other lake almost never in winter, though in its open summer waters bass fishing is the better. Remembering that the bass are supposed to hibernate and in fairly deep waters, would not that fact argue in the late season darker outward hues and deeper bronzes? Yet the head of a large bass hatchery has observed a silvery change of the bass at the approach of winter when his habit and habitat would imply the exact reverse. Such are a few of the anatomical enigmas of the black bass that make him and his paradoxes an interesting study for that open minded angler who blends the naturalist with the sportsman.—Collier's Weekly.

#### Elihu Yale's Grave.

Elihu Yale, from whom the college in New Haven took its name, sleeps in the graveyard at Wrexham church, near Chester, England. The following inscription (restored some years ago by the council of Yale) is to be found on one side of his tombstone:

Born in America, in Europe bred, in Africa traveled, in Asia wed.

Where long he lived and thrived; in London dead.

Much good, some ill, he did, so hope all's even.

And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.

—Boston Globe.

#### Wonderful Victoria Falls.

"It is well nigh impossible to describe a scene of such wonder, such wildness," says Lady Sarah Wilson in her "South African Memories" of the Victoria falls. But she gives this graphic description: "Standing on a point flush with the river before it makes its headlong leap, we gazed first on the swirling water losing itself in snowy spray which beat relentlessly on face and clothes while the great volume was noisily disappearing to unknown and terrifying depths. The sightseer tries to look across, to strain his eyes and to see beyond that white mist which obscures everything, but it is an impossible task, and he can but guess the width of the falls, slightly horseshoe in shape, from the green trees which seem so far away on the opposite bank and are only caught sight of now and then as the wind causes the spray to lift. At the same time his attention is fixed by a new wonder—the much talked of rainbow. Never varying, never changing, that perfect shaped arc is surely more typical of eternity there than anywhere else."

#### Curran and Lord Clare.

Curran, the Irish advocate, was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom, when a member of the bar, he fought a duel and whose hostility to him on the bench, he always said, caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £30,000. The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chancery Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog to the bench with him and during the progress of the most material part of the case began in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran!" said Lord Clare. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord! I really took it for granted that your lordship was engaged in consultation!"

### SNAPSHOTS OF STYLE.

Dainty Designs in the New Foulards. Cotton Crape Underwear.

The new foulards are fascinating. In green, blue and white a piece of printed chameleon foulard is one of the best expressions of the season's changeable silk. The green and blue form a shaded background, and the



BELTED OR LOOSE COAT.

white dot printed over this shadow surface gives an impression of an equal division of the three color notes.

Underwear of cotton crape is one of the summer fads. It will appeal to the woman who has to be economical while away from home on vacation trips. Small articles may be washed by the owner, and as the material requires no ironing the laundry problem is simplified.

Plain, loose coats that can be worn with or without belts are extremely fashionable. This one is of silk and wool material with trimming of satin, and the belt is made of the trimming material. It is good carried out in ponce.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6642, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

### FADS AND FRIPPERIES.

Fashion Advice Given by a Beauty Specialist—Trotting Suits.

A beauty specialist advises women whose eyes are not above criticism to wear a dark facing in their hats when possible. A dark facing brings out the eyes wonderfully. It gives them a deep dusky glow.

On simple trotting costumes of the frock and coat class one often finds a jaunty little frock of checked, striped



MODEL FOR GRADUATION GOWN.

or mixed fabric combined with a loose, long Norfolk coat in plain colored serge or other woolen. One of the modish wide belts in black patent usually fastens the coat.

Tiny velvet buttons are seen on some of the prettiest foulard gowns of the season.

## Wall Paper

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 ¶ The wall paper is one of the most potent factors; its selection, therefore, of the most vital importance.  
 ¶ The Alfred Peats "Prize" Wall Papers cover the widest range of patterns, coloring and price.  
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**FACTORY PRICES** We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unlearned of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.  
**YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED** when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **ICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.  
**SECOND HAND BICYCLES.** We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$8 to \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.  
**COASTER-BRAKES,** single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.

### \$8.50 HEDGECOCK PUNCTURE-PROOF

### 8 SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR

TO INTRODUCE, ONLY 4

The regular retail price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.50 (cash with order \$4.50). **NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES** NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

**DESCRIPTION:** Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.50 per pair. All orders shipped same day of approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.25 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at 60% expense, if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

**IF YOU NEED TIRES** don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of the special introductory price quoted above or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT** for a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

**J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strip "B" and "C," also rim strip "D" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—LASTS 100 MILES EASY RIDING.

The illustration shows a dainty frock for summer. Tucks and lace insertion form the principal trimming. It is a good model for a graduation gown.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes for girls fourteen, sixteen and eighteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6637, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

#### It Really Happens.

The Woman—Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years. The Man—That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman and for her sake made a fool of himself in two days.—Cleveland Leader.

#### Nothing More to Say.

"Sir," said the candidate, "you promised to vote for me!"  
 "Well," said his Dutch friend, "and vat if I did?"  
 "Well, sir, you voted against me!"  
 "Vell, vat if I did?"  
 "Then, sir, you lied!"  
 "Vell, vat if I did?"

#### Much Interested.

"I hope you will be interested in yonder gentleman," said the hostess. "I have assigned him to take you out to dinner."

"I shall be," responded the lady addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband, and he's behind with his alimony."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

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## RUBEROID ROOFING

THE PIONEER PREPARED

DURABLE, WEATHER-PROOF, FIRE-RESISTING  
GREATER THAN METAL OR SHINGLES.  
WEARS LONGER. NO TAR OR PAPER.  
WILL NOT MELT, ROT OR CRACK.

SOLD BY A. W. PROCTOR.

COLUMBIA

GRAPHOPHONE





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#### CO-OPERATION IN ROAD WORK.

There is no sort of public work in which folks are interested generally where the principle of co-operation could be followed to better advantage than in the care of the public highways. In some sections this fact seems to be recognized, in some others not. Especially is there need of this co-operation in those sections where earth roads are the rule and where the character of the soil is such that there is need of working it at a critical time following heavy rains or wet seasons. Particularly is this true of stiff clay or adobe soils, which can be advantageously worked and leveled only when they possess the proper amount of moisture and the right consistency. Under such conditions it is impossible for one road superintendent and his helpers to give all the road of their territory treatment at the proper time. As a result many such highways dry up rough and hard and remain in this condition for months. Could a system have been followed which would have enlisted the aid of property owners or renters along the highways and the roads have been dragged at the proper time a good highway would have been secured. The benefit of this co-operative system is recognized in some states, the road tax being remitted in case property owners give a stipulated amount of aid in keeping in condition the roads abutting their own premises. This plan gives excellent results and should be adopted in other places where the roads at certain seasons of the year are little short of unspeakable, yet for the attempt to keep which in repair large sums are expended annually, but to little purpose.

#### HOW HE BESTED QUACK GRASS.

A Minnesota farmer who has had an intimate acquaintance with quack grass covering a period of about twenty years rid his land—six acres—of the pest in the following manner. Beginning in 1906 he allowed the grass to grow until it blossomed, but before any seed formed he cut the patch and made hay of it. He then plowed the stubble under smoothly, using the disk harrow to work up a seed bed and aiming to disturb the sod as little as possible. On this he sowed German millet the 15th of July. The seed came up well, but owing to dry weather following the millet did not do well. He turned steers in to pasture the patch in October and plowed the ground the latter part of November. In the spring of 1909 the quack grass looked sick, but soon began to take on life. He disked the patch about once a week until the middle of June, when he again plowed it, harrowed it fine and drilled in a peck and a half of fodder corn to the acre. Last fall he harvested three and a half tons of dry fodder per acre, one-third of which had produced good sound corn. The field is at present completely controlled, and he says that any kind of a tilled crop can be raised this year without any trouble from the quack. Corn with thorough cultivation, in this farmer's opinion, must enter largely into any rotation whose purpose is to kill out quack grass, while disk tools should be used so far as possible in the tilling of the soil.

While melons will do well on a great variety of soils, they seem to flourish best on a mellow, friable loam which has been well enriched with barnyard manure. About a dozen seeds should be planted to the hill, the planting being delayed until danger of frost is past. When the young vines have got past the striped beetle stage the plants should be thinned to three or four in a hill. Like all other growing things, melons will do best if given frequent cultivation with both wheel cultivator and with hoe, which will insure a moist and mellow condition of the soil. If the melon patch is so large that it is not feasible to protect the hills from the striped beetle by means of shallow frames covered with mosquito netting the bug may be put out of business by spraying the vines with arsenate of lead at the rate of about half a pound to twelve gallons of water. This may be applied with fair pressure by a hand sprayer, the muzzle of which should be so adjusted that some of the poison will be lodged on the underside of the leaves where the beetle often works. The size of the melons may be increased by restricting those on a single vine to two or three.

#### VARIEGATED ALFALFAS.

The ordinary alfalfa, whose original home was probably Persia, has come to be considered a standard and valuable forage crop in the western half of the United States. This variety has blue flowers and a coiled pod. Within a few years there has been introduced in the country a variety of yellow flowered alfalfa, which grows wild in Siberia and several countries of Europe, that does not have the upright habit or produce as much seed, but that in point of resistance to extremes of drought and cold is decidedly superior to its blue flowered relative. In some cases these fields have grown side by side, and hybrid or variegated alfalfas have resulted, combining some of the best qualities of both varieties. The best of these variegated strains, which bear both blue and yellow flowers, are sand lucern, Grimm's alfalfa and Canadian alfalfa. Of this list the second strain has been very successfully grown in Minnesota and North Dakota, where it has withstood cold winters remarkably well and has produced a larger yield of hay than the blue flowered variety.

#### ABOUT DURUM WHEAT.

Durum wheat, quite commonly known under the name of macaroni wheat, seems especially adapted to soil and climatic conditions existing in the great plain west of the Mississippi river, where the rainfall ranges from ten to twenty inches per year. It is not only quite drought resistant, but seems largely free from rust. In humid sections it does not do so well as other standard varieties of wheat. In price it ranges a few cents per bushel lower than other wheat of like grade.

There were imported into the United States in 1909 1,479,631 bushels of flax seed as compared with 44,731 bushels in 1908.

Russia is one of the leading sugar beet producing countries, her output for 1909 being 7,562,854 tons as compared with 9,257,854 tons for the preceding year.

The flock of hens appreciate shade in hot weather just as do folks and other animals. If there are no trees in the yard a few sunflowers protected while young from the hens will answer the purpose well.

The slugs that pester the rosebushes may be easily put out of business by sprinkling the vines with white hellebore when the dew is on or with just plain fine road dust, which is cheaper and will insure the same results.

There is hardly any article in common use that is more easily or more often adulterated than paint. In case a make of paint cannot be secured which one knows to be reliable or which a reputable dealer will guarantee as such one has the recourse of buying white lead and oil and doing his own mixing. This will require some care, but it will give a paint which will afford the most possible satisfaction.

Exhaustive investigations which have been made into the matter of tuberculosis among food producing animals by the bureau of animal industry place the annual loss from this one disease to the stock raising interests of the country at \$24,000,000. These same investigations prove conclusively that bovine tuberculosis is easily communicated to human beings and that cows which are sleek and apparently healthy may be far advanced in the disease and a positive menace to the health of all who consume their milk.

Carrying out its purpose of protecting the fauna of the country and of making special studies of those birds and animals which may be of economic value to man, the United States department of agriculture has recently issued as farmers' bulletin No. 390 the results of its recent investigations into pheasant raising. The bulletin contains a concise account of the methods used by many pheasant raisers, including propagation, care of the young birds, protection from enemies, housing, feeding and marketing, as well as other interesting and practical phases of the industry. The treatise may be obtained through one's senator or representative or by making request of the department of agriculture at Washington.

"The Economic Use of Meats In the Home" is the caption of a bulletin lately put out by the agricultural department at Washington. The treatise has been prepared for the especial benefit of the housewife, who, with prices for the best cuts of meat which have prevailed, has had a problem on her hands to provide the family with an economic and satisfactory meat ration. It takes up general methods of preparing meats, the utilizing of cheaper cuts in palatable dishes, as well as other matters of interest. At the close of the bulletin are given fifty recipes for savory meat dishes collected from a wide range and suited to the needs of the average home. The bulletin will be forwarded free to any who may make request of the agricultural department at Washington.

That the feeding of silage to dairy cows in large quantities does not seriously affect the quality of milk was demonstrated by a test made by the Illinois experiment station not long ago. Samples of silage and nonsilage milk were tasted by some 300 members of the faculty and student body, including eighty-one ladies. In all 60 per cent preferred the silage milk, 29 per cent preferred the nonsilage milk, while the remainder had no preference. Samples of the silage and nonsilage milk were submitted to five dairy experts in several large cities, and of these one had no choice, one preferred the nonsilage milk, while three preferred the silage milk. The cows which produced the silage milk used in this test were given forty pounds of silage a day, which is considerably in excess of the ration usually fed.

Many a high lived and valuable team of horses has been ruined by coming into the hands of an impatient and hot headed owner, who has not understood animal traits or taken the pains to use kindness when nothing else would serve the purpose as well. A horse should be made to recognize its owner or driver as its master. But there is nothing in this idea that conflicts with using good sense in the handling of it.

It is a pretty dull child that does not know by two years of age whether it or its parent is master of the situation so far as family discipline is concerned. It is not a pleasant thing to have a settlement with a child, but if this is done as it should be it will often prevent a great deal of worry and annoyance as well as be of great benefit to the child. Force of character, dignity and consistency in discipline are the factors that are chiefly needed.

The Danish Co-operative Egg Export association awards annually premiums for the best managed and most profitable poultry flocks. Last season the flock winning first prize consisted of sixty-three Brown Italians. Their feed consisted of wheat, oats, bran, ground bone, beets, hay sweepings and a small amount of barley meal, oatmeal and biscuits. The hens averaged 158 eggs each for the year, and the receipts from all sources were such as to give a net profit per hen of \$1.93. Besides a yard and garden, the hens had the range of a pasture and were given liberal feeds of chopped greens.

The other day we saw a pear orchard which its owner had started to head close to four feet high, the trees having the appearance of slender whipstocks with tufts of feathers at the tip. In a section where the prevailing summer winds are from one quarter this will mean that all of the tree will have to be staked up to be kept in an upright position, and this at best will be a boggled up job. Later on as they come into bearing it is questionable if there will be sufficient strength of trunk to bear the fruit without breaking down. In this instance the situation is aggravated because all the lower buds on the trees have been snipped off, so that the growing of a lower headed tree is well nigh impossible.

The chestnut blight, a fungous growth known as the black knot variety, threatens the ultimate destruction of virtually all the groves of native chestnut trees in the north Atlantic states unless methods can be adopted to hold in check or eradicate the pest. This particular blight spreads by means of spores, these being carried by birds, by squirrels and sometimes by the wind. The spores or seeds get a foothold and develop in the cambium layer, which is located just beneath the outer bark. So far no effective means has been discovered for checking the disease, though it has been suggested by those making a study of the question that felling all of the chestnut trees in a five mile zone encircling the affected area might prove a barrier to the spread of the disease, as it would give the fungus nothing on which to subsist. So far as known, the chestnut is the only tree affected by this particular pest.

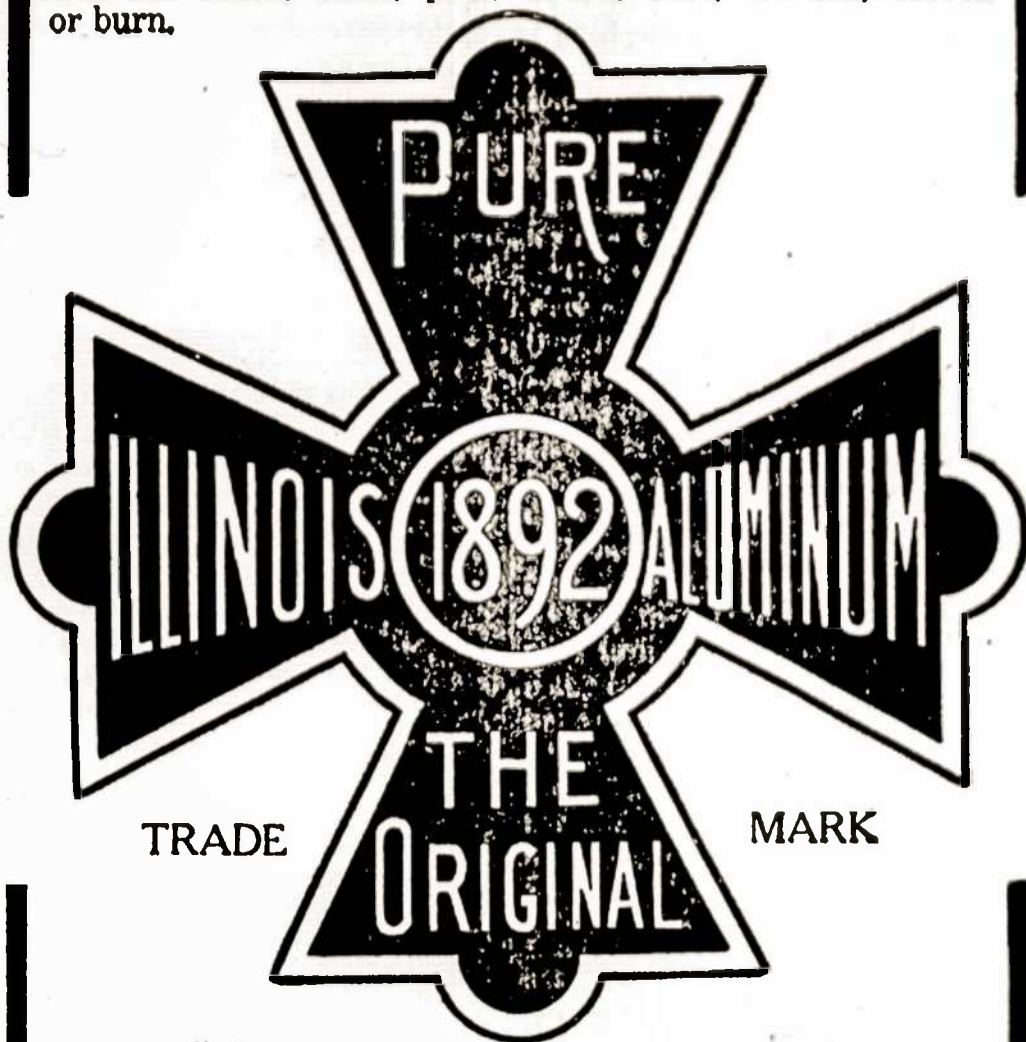
While a sour soil may be indicated by a refusal of the clover family to grow thereon, the question may be easily and accurately determined by making a test with blue litmus paper. This may be got at any drug store and is inexpensive. A boring should be made with a two inch auger in the part of the field which shows most evidence of sourness and two good sized balls made of the earth obtained near the surface and of that ten or twelve inches down. These balls should be split and strips of the litmus paper laid between and kept there about fifteen minutes. If the paper is turned pink in color the evidence is conclusive that the soil is sour and needs sweetening with an application of lime, which may be applied in the shape of the raw ground stone or the pulverized burned product, there being little choice between the two. The chances are that if the soil is sour it is also run down and would be benefited by an application of stable manure, which will greatly increase its productivity.

## HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.



It is light weight, easy to handle and easy to clean; makes kitchen work a delight instead of drudgery; saves your money, time, fuel; protects your health against metal poisoning and serious troubles resulting from chipping of small particles into the food, which is one of the dangers from the use of the old style enameled wares.

You buy patent carpet sweepers, egg-beaters, dish-washers, clothes-wringers and many other time and labor saving conveniences, but there is nothing that will prove a greater practical household blessing than the "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware.

Lose no time in seeing for yourself what it will do. Your money back if this ware fails to do what is claimed for it.

GEO. N. KIDDER & CO.

In many markets clean eggs are worth from 3 to 5 cents per dozen more than dirty. In this respect, owing to the failure of so many to gather eggs when strictly fresh, an immense amount is lost by the egg producers of the country.

When the new growth of raspberry canes has reached the desired length it is well to snip or cut off the terminal shoot. This will make a much sturdier bush and will also result in the development of many strong lateral shoots, which will bear much larger quantities of fruit next year as a result of the pruning operation.

The latest thing in the shape of an anti-trust proceeding is a movement which bids fair to be started against the California Fruit Growers' Exchange as an organization in restraint of trade. Considering the fact that the railroads and commission men seem to be back of the proposed action, the affair can hardly be viewed in any other light than highly amusing, whatever the real merits of the situation may prove to be.

*J. E. Trigg*

#### SHE KNEW THE GAME.

A Nice Old Chicago Lady Who Was a Baseball "Fan."

I remember being on a Chicago street car, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, sitting beside a nice old lady in mourning a year or so ago. She was nervous and kept glancing at me and then glancing away again. It made me uncomfortable. I thought she took me for a pickpocket or some other bad man. Finally she could contain herself no longer. She leaned over. "Excuse me," she said, "but have you heard yet how the Cubs' game came out?"

I hadn't, and her face fell, but in a moment she saw a possible opportunity for consolation.

"Well," she asked, "can you tell me who they are putting in the box today?"

How was that for a gray haired grandma?

In Chicago they all talk baseball from the cradle to the grave. Up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon during the baseball season no one talks about anything but the game of the day before. From 3 o'clock on the only subject is the game that is being played. The



COLUMBIA

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2 records at a single price 65c

Don't spend another cent for talking-machine records till you have seen and heard Columbia Double-Disc Records. They fit any machine, and outwear any other records in the world. Double value for your money! Call in! Get a catalog!

NORTHFIELD PRESS  
Proctor Block



school child who cannot add two apples plus three apples and make it five apples with any certainty of correctness can figure out the standing of the Chicago nines with one hand and a pencil that will make a mark only when it is held straight up and down.



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Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., from 12.30 to 2.00 p. m., and from 7.00 to 8.30 p. m. Telephone 1.

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**R. H. Philbrick, M. D.**  
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**At W. H. HOLTON'S**  
You will find a new line of  
WATCHES, JEWELRY, and  
FOUNTAIN PENS, also the real  
Cloisonne enamel VEIL and  
BROOCH pins and PIN SETS.  
Please call in and see them.

## FOR SALE AND TO RENT

**FOR SALE**—New and second hand 4 cyl., 35 H. P., double chain drive automobiles, of our own make, at bargain prices.

Grout Automobile Co.,  
Orange, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—At \$100 per share, \$25,000 of 6 per cent. NON-TAXABLE PREFERRED STOCK of the Grout Automobile Company. Interest is payable semi-annually; stock is redeemable in 6 years at 106, and nets the investor 7 per cent.

John W. Wheeler, Pres.  
Elisha S. Hall, Treas.  
Orange, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price.

E. W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—One good sound heavy work horse. Apply to R. E. Dickinson, W. Northfield, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—An Angelus Piano Player with 25 rolls of music. Practically new.  
H. A. Reed

**FOR SALE**—A good Surrey.  
PRESS Office.

**FOR SALE**—One good, sound, heavy work horse. Apply to R. E. Dickinson, W. Northfield, Mass.

## WANTED

**WANTED**—"Northfield Echoes", vols. 1 and 2, (1894-5), bound or unbound.  
PRESS Office.

**WANTED**—Fifteen men boarders now at Wayside Inn. Special rate, \$6.00.  
Mrs. Cora Adams.

## Henry H. Johnson Post No. 171.

## GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

In accordance with General Orders from National and Department Headquarters, and in affectionate remembrance of our dead comrades, this Post will assemble on Monday, May 30th to pay its tribute of respect to the memory of our dead who gave their lives for the security of the citizen, the upholding of the law, and the preservation of the Union of States.

A cordial invitation is extended to all Soldiers and Sailors, not members of the Post, to Sons of Soldiers and Sailors, and to the loyal citizens of our town, to unite with us in all the exercises of the day.

Laying aside the cares and duties of our ordinary business life, let us devote this one day in the year, and call to remembrance those days of trial and endurance when the life of the Nation hung in the balance. Let us pause and consider the price at which we enjoy today our Material Prosperity as a Nation.

Let us remember that in the hour of trial, out from our busy citizenship, there came a magnificent army of Patriots who counted exposure, sufferings, wounds, and even death itself, not too great a price to pay for the protection of their country.

While we lay our tribute of flowers that will soon fade, may we cherish an undying memory of the noble deeds of those who have answered the last roll call, and strive to inculcate the spirit of patriotism and loyalty in the hearts of the children, that they may always be found on the side of Right and Truth and Justice.

Contributions of cut flowers are respectfully solicited of citizens, which may be left at Town Hall early Monday morning, May 30th.

On Sunday, May 29th, the Post will assemble in full uniform at the North church at 10.30 a. m., prompt, and attend divine service upon invitation of Rev. N. Fay Smith. The comrades will attend service at Vernon, Vt., in the afternoon.

On Monday, May 30th, the Post will assemble at the town hall at 10 o'clock, and at 10.30 the Post, accompanied by the Band, the Woman's Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans Auxiliary and Boys' Brigade, with the school children and citizens generally, will march to the cemetery, and there decorate the graves of the fallen comrades.

On returning to the hall, a collation will be served by the ladies to the Post and auxiliaries, including the Band and the Boys' Brigade and the school children who have joined in the parade.

At two o'clock the Post will re-assemble at the town hall, where the general exercises will be held, consisting of singing and recitations by the school children, and an address on "The American Volunteer" by Col. John D. Billings, of Cambridge.

JAMES R. HAMILTON, Jr.  
Post Commander.  
F. J. STOCKBRIDGE,  
Adjutant.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL

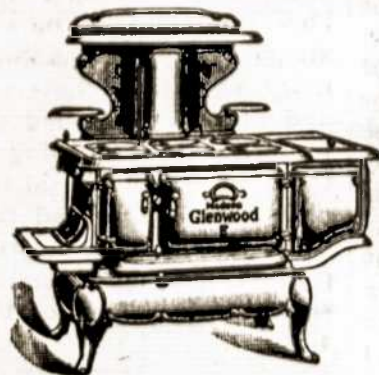
L. R. Howard went to Haydenville, Mass to take part in the Williamsburg High School entertainment which is to be given this evening.

In the matter of the improvement of the cemetery it has been found most desirable that all persons who own lots should have deeds for them. In order that they obtain their deeds with least trouble, Mr. G. N. Kidder will be at the Cemetery on Decoration Day with a plot of the grounds and full information.

The Boarding House List for free distribution to summer visitors will be issued June 1. Price for listing, \$1. Mail card or telephone the PRESS office immediately if you wish a place on this list. Give name of boarding house, rate and distance from auditorium.

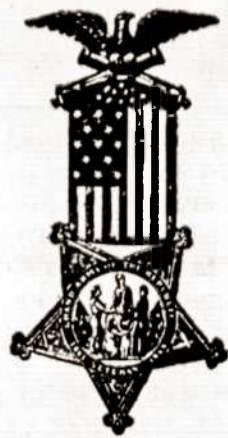
A beautiful custom associated with the observance of Memorial Day, has within recent years become established in Gloucester, Mass. Flowers are gathered and strewn upon the waters of the harbor in memory of the men of the fishing fleet who have sailed for the Banks and never came back. The sentiment which conceived this custom is pictured in a larger, national sense on the cover of the Memorial Day Number of The Youth's Companion. Columbia is there depicted scattering flowers on the sea in memory of her sons whose graves are in the unfathomed depths of the ocean. The blossoms gleam against the dark blue of the sea, and a squadron at anchor in the distance fires salute to the nation's lost sailors.

## Get One And Be Glad On Every Baking Day



**Glenwood**  
The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

H. M. Bristol, Northfield



## Northfield's Roll of Honor.

As Memorial Day draws near it seems quite appropriate to record the names of the soldiers whom we claim for Northfield's roll of honor.

## IN VILLAGE CEMETERY:

Charles Purple	Leroy Merriman
Edward Stearns	Charles Stinson
George A. Fisher	George A. Clark
Daniel A. Hunting	Edward H. Starkey
George Mason	John Weeks
Warren Mattoon	Warren Stebbins
Aaron Stebbins	William H. Johnson
Joshua Maynard	Samuel Cutting
Isaac Mattoon	Walter D. Crane
Frank H. Turner	Joseph B. Pierce
Roswell Stratton	Samuel Cotton
C. D. Merriman	Daniel W. Whittle
Charles X. James	Gardner Collier
Henry Bemis	Ira C. Lazelle
Ansel Field	Russel W. Bixby
—Burman	—Kimplin
Benjamin Morrison	John H. Robbins
Amos Biegelow.	

Total number interred in village cemetery, 35.

## IN WEST NORTHFIELD CEMETERY.

Asahel Peeler	Hatsel Caldwell
Allen Kingsley	Lemuel Mallory
Hugh Leonard	William Strange
Harry Williams	Enoch C. Pierce

Total number interred in West Northfield cemetery, 8.

## IN NORTHFIELD FARMS CEMETERY.

Wm. E. Merriman	Edward C. Nash
Joseph Burton	Elisha R. Morgan
Warren W. Mann	Edward Wheeler
David Beach	Henry Smith
Edward Moore	A. D. Foss
Marshall Stearns	

Number interred in Northfield Farms cemetery, 11.

## IN NORTHFIELD MOUNTAIN CEMETERY

Edward Callar	Andrew J. Ames
---------------	----------------

## IN WARWICK CEMETERY.

Nathaniel F. Pond	Joseph A. Williams
David Ball	

## IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Wm. H. Doolittle	James Neville
Frank Brown	

INTERRED IN  
Martin Maynard Bernardston, Mass.  
Calvin A. Field Gettysburg, Pa.  
Nelson O. Wiley Belchertown, Mass.

## IN VIRGINIA.

Henry H. Johnson	Joseph Young
Adolphus Carter	William Smith
Henry Pierce	

Persons having knowledge of any soldiers buried in our cemeteries whose name does not appear in the above list will please notify Adj. F. J. Stockbridge.

The annual union service of the local patriotic orders will be held next Sunday in the Congregational Church. The pastor, Rev. N. Fay Smith, will be assisted in the exercises by Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor of the Unitarian Church, and Dr. Elliott W. Brown. The following organizations will be present in full regiments: Grand Army, Woman's Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans, Woman's Auxiliary, Boys' Brigade. Service begins at 10.45.

The annual meeting of Mrs. L. R. Smith's Bible class was held at the parish house last Tuesday evening. Thirty members have been enrolled during the year. The class sent \$45 and clothing

**Monumental Work**

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NORTHFIELD, MASS.

to Miss Amy Chadwick's industrial school at Atlanta, Ga. Officers were elected as follows: president, Maude E. Hamilton; first vice president, Mildred A. Brown; second vice president, Elva Howell; secretary, Lena Nelson; treasurer, Amy L. Hamilton; chairman social committee, Daisy Holton; chairman of the lookout committee, Carrie Leavis.

## Two Smart Actors.

In a popular historic drama the actor who takes the part of Napoleon is required to read aloud a document of considerable length which is brought to him by General Berthier. This, being written at length, is seldom committed to memory. A short time ago, however, the property master at an English theater mislaid the document, and Napoleon, who was new to the part, received instead a blank sheet of paper. For a moment he was aghast; then, eager to escape from his predicament even at the expense of a fellow actor, he handed the paper to General Berthier, saying, "Read it to me."

The other actor was not in the least confused. "Your majesty," he said, handing it back, "I am only a poor soldier of fortune, and you must excuse me. I do not know how to read!"

## Fred L. Proctor

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Fresh Discovery of an Old Truth.  
Helen's enjoyment of the party given in honor of her ninth birthday was nearly spoiled by the ill tempered outbreaks of a very pretty and well dressed little girl who was among her guests. A peacemaker appeared, however, in a plain and rather shabby child, who proved herself a veritable little angel of tact and good will.

After her playmates were gone Helen talked it all over very seriously with her mother. She summed it up in this piece of philosophical wisdom: "Well, I've found out one thing, mamma. Folks don't always match their outsides."—Woman's Home Companion.

## Salt and Health.

Few persons understand the therapeutic value of salt. A little salt in one's drinking water is "good medicine." Salt applications to the skin are wonderfully soothing and wholesome. There is nothing better as a wash for the throat and the nasal passages to prevent or to cure catarrhal troubles than a solution of common salt in plain water—the cheapest remedy one can find. Many persons give their eyes a daily bath of cold salt water with satisfactory results.

## The Married Voice.

A dramatic critic has been saying that our most accomplished players cannot reproduce on the stage the "married voice," even when they are married. There is a peculiar domestic note—used at home—which cannot get over the footlights and was never meant for publicity.—London Chronicle.

## Soporific.

"I heard one man," said the playwright, "who attended the premiere of my new play last night complain that it was so late when he got out."  
"Yes?" queried the critic.  
"Yes, and yet the final curtain fell before 10.45."  
"Ah, perhaps he overslept himself!"—Catholic Standard and Times.